

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

New York "Bright Lighters" Have Evolved New Fad

NEW YORK.—When New York puts the lid on at the curfew hour, the intrest fad for the all-nighters is to go to a restaurant in Columbus circle for a stack of wheats or ham and eggs at 2 a. m. It is a new haven for the lovers of the fox trot and the children of the cabaret and others who are afraid to go home in the dark. John D. Rockefeller, to whom popular superstition gives ownership of a famous string of restaurants, never foresaw anything like this when he established his Foundation. Saturday night is the big night at this "draw-one" emporium, and after 2 a. m. the S. R. O. sign is out. Women in beautiful gowns and furs, escorted by dashing young officers wearing the insignia of the army and navy, girls with rich-looking opera cloaks covering what seemed at first glance to be modish bathing suits, girls in their best Sunday clothes, having an outing from the office, shop and factory; chorus girls, cabaret girls, pretty girls, slim girls, slender girls, girls with embonpoint, girls without any, girls just right, officers of the Canadian army, with here and there a French or British officer, soldiers and sailors, men of elegant leisure, pluggies and plain men and women make up the wonderful assortment of midnight revelers, the merry-makers of the morning.

All the women smoke cigarettes. Shocking! And the Lulu Lightfoot, the Tottie Coughdrop and Beatrice Twinkletoe of the chorus are all there. They know each other and go from table to table introducing their gemmen friends; just like they used to do at Jack's in the old days. The only difference is men in the old days were handed checks for \$50 at Jack's; at their evening's entertainment it costs them 90 cents.

But the wonder of the night is the departure of the guests. No plebeian subway or surface cars for them. I should say not. A line of taxis, automobiles, limousines, carriages and barouches driven up and away, for all the world like the aftermath of the opera's opening night. The moon, a baby moon, is flat on her back when the last taxi rolls away and the big dipper is upside down in the sky.

Remarkably Quick Ending of Love's Young Dream

DETROIT.—Brown-eyed Anna Maurer, whose winsome smile wrecked hearts along a vaudeville circuit up to last January, declared in Justice Sellers' court that Dick, her husband, had hopped right out of her heart and that, as far as love was concerned, she was "cured."

She explained the "hopping" by declaring that Dick was a "bellhop." He was before Justice Sellers on two counts. One dealing with theft of \$25 from a Hotel Pontchartrain guest's pocket, the pocket belonging to an overcoat that he was personally conducting to a tailor shop, and the other being in connection with his alleged unkind treatment of the winsome Anna. Anna smiled, sighed, smiled again, and lisped that her husband "was just perfectly horrid and she just didn't wish ever to see him again." She was with a vaudeville act when Fate stepped in at Rochester. Richard is dapper and chic and in a bellboy's uniform he must have been cuddly. Anna thought so, anyway, and when she ordered ice water Richard took away her heart as a tip. They were married a few days later. Anna went on with her show. Dick came to Detroit, where his mother conducts a restaurant, and got a job at the Pontchartrain. Anna left her show in Dayton and came to Detroit to join her husband. The trouble began, according to Anna, when he suggested that she go to work.

Justice Sellers remanded Dick to jail to wait for investigation into Anna's charges.

And She Can't Remember Anything About Wedding

LOS ANGELES.—"Bigamist, that's what they call me now, because I contracted a marriage of which I knew nothing until it was over," said Laura Josephine Reeves, twenty-two years old, after Justice Hanby had continued the case, charging her with effecting a bigamous marriage with Lyman Alvin Barnes.

The proceedings were given a military aspect by the appearance of Barnes at the hearing in the custody of a provost guard. He is being detained by the military authorities on a charge of desertion.

"I met Mr. Barnes," said the girl, "and 24 hours later we took an automobile ride to Ontario, reaching there at midnight. We had been drinking—I can't remember anything until the day following, when he told me I was his wife."

"I have been unfortunate with husbands," Mrs. Reeves added. I married William H. Blundell when I was only sixteen years old. He was 22 years my senior. It was anything but a happy affair. He refused to work, and I had to get out and earn the money. I did so by working in a canning factory and as a hotel waitress. My husband joined the army in order to escape being sent to the rock pile for non-support. I don't know where he is now.

"They may send me up for this affair, but I won't care as long as they don't take my children away from me. I have two lovely children, Henrietta, five years old, and Virginia, aged two. They have been my sole comfort, and I don't want them taken from me."

"When I married Blundell I paid for the ring, the license and the wedding ceremony. Even after that he refused to work. Then he disappeared completely. I was awfully lonesome when Mr. Barnes appeared. I am sorry I got him into this mix-up."

Love's Messages Incorporated on Movie Pictures

CHICAGO.—In a "movie" theater there is an operator (the chap that looks after the machinery that projects the pictures on the screen) who is deep in love with a fair lassie of the neighborhood, and who by reason of his occupation is unable to hold hands as other folks do, any night of the week, especially on Sunday nights, when he is cased up in his little room in the gallery tighter than ever.

He has hit upon a scheme of love-making, that while not as satisfactory as the personal propinquity plan, nevertheless keeps the maiden in the case fairly contented. She comes to the show every evening (professional courtesy), takes a seat where she can get an occasional peep at her best beloved and then watches the screen. She is not interested in the pictures, as she is surfeited with them, but she watches eagerly for the various announcements about next week's bill and so on.

The lovers have arranged a code with a great variety of endearing terms in it, each of which is expressed by one or two letters. These he scratches in the corner of the lantern slide, where if noticed at all by anybody but the girl they would attract no attention whatever. But just imagine the thrill she gets when, after reading that Robert Leatherlungs will be seen on Thursday in "The Coalheaver's Revenge," she spots "x. z." way down in the corner and gets the message. "Nobody has anything on you, kid."

It's a great little game, and when the two meet after the show for the walk home, life does not seem as dull and gray as it might be, even for a "movie" operator and his best girl.

Party Frocks For Youthful



The debutante and her youthful friends are entitled to a few of the keen joys of life, even in war times. With sweethearts overseas, or in training camps, and days filled with war work and letter writing, she certainly earns the heart-healing joy that is to be gathered from a new party frock. And the party frock is easier to make at the home than other frocks, excepting, of course, house dresses; it is for this reason not an extravagance in war times.

A very pretty model is illustrated here of a frock that ought to inspire any girl with a desire to make it for herself. Crepe georgette, plain and printed, a little taffeta silk and a bit of embroidery in silk make up its analysis so far as materials are concerned. All the sewing, including the long-stitch embroidery, is simple enough. There is an underslip of thin silk to begin with, with a baby waist which takes the place of a corset cover. The skirt of the frock is of plain crepe georgette hanging straight from a gathered waistline, and the low-necked bodice is of taffeta, with embroidered motifs at each side. It slips over a chemise of lace with a collar at the back that disappears under the bodice—a very new and pleasing feature that adds to the becomingness and appropriateness of the frock.

An overskirt of wide lace falls to the hem of the crepe skirt and is partially covered with an overdrape of lovely printed crepe georgette. It will be noticed that the skirt is quite long and the neck only moderately low. If there is one thing more than another that returning conquering heroes will admire in the American girls they are prepared to adore it will be a pretty modesty in dress. They will come back prepared to make comparisons. They are already convinced that the Americans are the prettiest and sweetest girls in the world and the girls must see to it that they don't change their minds.

Four Hats, Simple and Smart



These hats are distinctly youthful in design—the breezy young American in written in their smart lines and simple construction. Most of the hats of this character are made of silk or satin—satin is, in fact, in the ascendant—but they may be made of other fabrics, as broadcloth, duvetyn, velvet, and occasionally fur fabrics, or other of the soft and very pliable materials which are used in coats and frocks. For the young woman at school a more appropriate little group could hardly be assembled than the four models shown above.

At the top a sprightly small hat is made of satin. It has a soft crown and narrow brim plaited and turned up at the front. Two strands of those colored wooden beads that milliners have so often found a place for on this season's hats are festooned across the front.

The tam in all sorts of interpretations, from the most casual to the most dignified of styles, appears in millinery for both maid and matron. At the left a tam made of navy blue taffeta reminds one of the flat hats of the navy. It has a corded band about the head and many girls can wear this shape becomingly. At the right a silk hat has a fine plaited fringe about the face and plaited ribbon—pulled out so that only the marks of the plaits are left—is tied about the base of the crown. Hats like these are made in colors to match suits and frocks, or in blacks. Very dark brown and black hold commanding positions in youthful millinery, and these hats are expected to do much service.

The remaining hat is a dressier bit of girlish headwear. Its underbrim is faced with shirred crepe georgette, and loops of ribbon cover the smooth fabric on the upper brim, which might be either satin or velvet. Having gone to the extravagance of looped ribbons and shirrings, this hat conserves in the matter of trimming and makes a silk ornament and tassel a faultless finish.

Julie Bottomley

Friendship.

The basis and groundwork of friendship is the forgetting of self through that sympathy which must always exist between friends.

HIS PATH ONE OF BLESSINGS

Beautiful Legend of "Holy Shadow" Might Well Serve as an Inspiration to All.

It is a French legend, so old that we do not know when it was written, or rather when it grew. We may not believe in the miracle giving, but in the heart of the story lies an exquisite pearl of truth. And thus runs the old legend.

A very long time ago there dwelt upon the earth a saint so good that the angels themselves came down from heaven to see how any mortal could live so holy and beautiful a life. They found a man going about his daily duty in simple faithfulness, diffusing an atmosphere of love as the star diffuses light, and the flower fragrance without being aware of it. Watching with eager interest, they saw that two words summed up his day. He gave and forgave.

Not that these words fell from his lips, but they were expressed in his pleasant smile, in his kindness, forbearance and charity.

Then the angels prayed to God, asking, "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles!" The answer quickly came, "I will; ask him what gift it shall be."

So the angels asked the holy man, "Would you like to have the touch of your hands heal the sick?" But he answered, "No; that is God's work." Again they asked, "Would you like to convert guilty souls, and bring back wandering heathens to the right path?"

"No," he replied, "that is also the work of God. I pray; I do not convert."

"Would you like to become a model of patience, attracting men by the luster of your virtues, thus glorifying God?"

Still he answered, "No; if men should become attached to me they would be further from God and estranged from him. The Lord has other means of glorifying himself."

Filled with astonishment, they cried: "What, then, do you desire?"

The saint smiled, and asked in turn, "What can I wish for? That God give me his grace; with that shall I not have everything?"

But the angels insisted that he must choose a miracle, or have one chosen for him.

"Very well," he said at length, weary of their importunity. "I wish that I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it."

How were they to carry out such a wish? Finally they hit upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind him or on either side where he could not see it, this shadow would have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort the sorrowing.

And so the wish was fulfilled. When the dear old man walked abroad, his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made arid paths moist, gave fresh greenness to withered vegetation, brought back music to the parched, dried-up brooks, and roses to the pale cheeks of suffering little children, and diffused joy everywhere.

The saint went simply about his daily duties, knowing nothing of the blessedness of his falling shadow. At last his very name was forgotten and he was reverently called "The Holy Shadow."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Ukrainians in Canada.

There are about 220,000 Ukrainians in the Canadian Northwest. They began to emigrate from their native land in the '30s. Most of them were farmers, and today they occupy whole counties in Alberta and Saskatchewan. They were not illiterate when they came to America and they have been busily educating themselves during the last 20 years.

There is a Ukrainian publishing house in Winnipeg. This concern does not merely issue a foreign language newspaper. It is gradually bringing out reprints of all that is best in Ukrainian literature. The Ukrainian farmer in Canada has a row of well-filled bookshelves such as the average American farmer might not be able to show.

Deadly Spiders.

We have in this country a small spider, commonly known as the "black widow," which is very deadly. It has red spots on its abdomen. There is no question of the fact that its bite is often fatal.

Rather odd is the fact that this species of spider is found in most parts of the world. In New Zealand it is called the "katipo." In Santo Domingo the "red rump." Not only does it kill, but the death it inflicts is inconceivably frightful. The brain is affected, and a drooping of the skin may distort the victim's features to such an extent as to render him unrecognizable.

The Investor's Innings.

"I could paper a room with the valueless stock certificates I have bought," remarked the unlucky man.

"Don't do it. Avail yourself of a sure thing at last and paste up war savings stamps."

Dropped From the Team.

Friend—So you dropped Private Halfback from your service football team.

Soldier—Yes. He fell down in scholarship. His average last month was less than four Germans a day.—Life.

Wings.

"Riches have wings," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "and I might add that they can be useful in many ways in hands of a skilled aviator."

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Couldn't Scare Prisoner With Man-Made "Spook"

WASHINGTON.—Lon Hall, the young woodcutter in the Fairfax county jail, accused of the murder of fourteen-year-old Eva Roy, near Burke Station, Va., has never read a dime novel and is indifferent to the methods employed by the detectives that figure in fiction.



It was near midnight when Hall had a caller. He saw his cell door opened and the officers were roughly handling a man who appeared to be a prisoner.

"Now get in there," the officers told the prisoner, giving him a push. A quilt for him to sleep on was thrown into the cell, the door was locked and the officers went away.

"What do you think of this sort of treatment?" the prisoner asked Hall after the officers retired.

"What have you done?" Hall inquired.

"Oh, I just murdered a negro down the road," was the reply. "What are you in here for?"

"I'm charged with killing a white girl, but I don't know anything about it, because I didn't do it," Hall told him.

Shortly afterward the prisoner went into a trance; he stared at Hall with eyes open wide, and suddenly he gripped the bed springs with both hands and began in a frightened whisper to say:

"Look, man, look. I see a ghost. What is it? See, there it is. It's coming in here. Don't you see it? It looks like a woman. It's getting nearer. Now look, quick; it's the ghost of a young girl."

Hall calmly lighted a cigarette and said: "No, I don't see anything, and I don't believe you do, either."

Outside the cell, within earshot, a Washington private detective and county officials were listening. In fact, they strained their ears until five o'clock in the morning, when they turned in, marveling at Hall's composure. Hall later told his counsel:

"I lost a night's rest, but I was mighty glad to have company, because I get awful lonesome in that jail. I wish they would send in others to help me kill time."

Has All Sorts of Scientific Lore Packed Away

AMONG a city full of government officials noted for being "many-sided," in the best sense of that term, Dr. William Converse Kendall, scientific assistant in the United States bureau of fisheries, holds a secure place. Ichthyologist is, of course, his regular job, and what he knows about fishes, large and small, would fill the ocean and rivers, friends declare.

He also is a botanist. Flowers are a sort of hobby with him. He knows and loves them all, violet, rose, lily, etc., along with those that haven't such pretty names. Friends who tell me about Doctor Kendall say that although he doesn't pretend to be a flower expert, he really knows more about botany than many experts. He is the author of books and pamphlets, mostly on ichthyology, and considered of great value by scientists. He is an M. D. He started out as a school teacher, and used to run, I am told, a sort of side line to his scientific researches, a big summer camp for boys at Sebago Lake, Me.

He is proud of his title of "licensed Maine guide." You've got to know a good deal about the big woods to get that title. Sort of post-graduate boy scout. When Doctor Kendall goes into the woods to hunt out some new fish he can do his own guiding.

"Won't you come and take a hike with us, Doctor Kendall?" a young woman friend asked him one morning. The party was all ready to start out.

"Hike?" replied the doctor. "How many miles is it?"

"Between five and ten miles," she replied.

"Oh, you mean a ramble," replied the doctor. "And anything below five miles is a stroll."

A friend of mine, wishing to be "funny," asked him gravely what he did for "relaxation."

Doctor Kendall replied with equal gravity: "I study modern Greek and collect old china."

Stout Lady Wasn't Interfering So Much, After All

A COUNTRYFIED team was hauling a load of hay. Midway of Thirteenth street a comfortably stout woman stepped from the pavement and called on the driver to stop. He couldn't hear her, for the horses kept on jogging. Then the woman ran in front of the team with both hands and voice raised high and shouted to the hay man:

"Stop, there! Stop, I tell you! I want to speak to you!"

The driver and his horses doubtless had conscientious scruples about running down stout ladies, for the wheels stopped and the lean and somewhat stiff-jointed farmer man climbed down and stood politely, hat in hand, to take the lady's orders. And while the two were at their interview a couple of men on the sidewalk stopped to put in a few comments:

"I'd like to know what right that woman has to interfere with that man. He is treating his horses all right. There ought to be a law to stop such meddling."

"That's what I tell my wife, but it's no use trying to stop them, once they take a notion to do what their clubs call civic work."

While they jabbered another passer-by, who had also lingered to watch the woman and listen to her critics, felt such a vital yearning for details that she waited until the stout woman returned to the bricks to ask if the old driver had been bucking into the rules of the S. P. C. A. The woman laughed with a joyous humor that was good to hear:

"My soul and body, no! That old man Jimpson, as fine an old fellow as ever lived, only you have to holler at him now—he's so deaf. My brother buys hay from him for his horse, and I wanted him to know our new address."

Then the passer-by went her way, feeling ashamed of the rude curiosity of those ill-judging men.

Proof That Some Statesmen Can't Write Speeches

IT IS a good wide jump from a Maryland ox cart to a flat within a stone's throw of the capitol, but a woman made the leap a week ago. She was telling another woman about it—in a street car: "I was rounding up my turkeys that had strayed out on the main road, when Uncle Tip, our farm-hand, came along with the empty ox cart, after hauling a hoghead of tobacco to the boat. The post office is up that way and, for a wonder, he had a letter for me. I don't get many letters, and as for invitations, I reckon this one was about my first. It took my cousin just one page to let me know that his wife was down with the influenza and that, being head over ears in work, he couldn't wait on her as he would like to, and if I would nurse her in consideration of my board and the slight he could show me, why—and it's a good thing I came right away. Henny's awful sick, and as for poor Jack, I don't see how he gets through—secretary for two congressmen, which makes his work awfully hard, especially as one is a Democrat and the other a Republican, and he has to write speeches for both."

And as she named the two representatives, it stands to reason that a certain passenger in the seat behind possesses inside information which might prove embarrassing to a couple of representatives should their names be held up for those traditional daws to peck at.

Which they won't.

